Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with tapers.

Claudio Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by slauderous tongues,
Was the Hero that heere lies:
Death in guerdon of her wronges,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the toomb,
Praising hir when I am dead.

Claudio Now musick sound & sing your solemne hymne.

Song Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, help vs to sigh & grone.
Heauily heauily.
Graues yawne and yeeld your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauily heauily.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this (right.

Prince Good morrow maisters, put your torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you al, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Claudio Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

Prince Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonatoes we will goe.

Claudio And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret Ursula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier Did I not tell you shee was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accusd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,

In the true course of all the question.

Old Wel, I am glad that all things sorts so well.

Bened. And so am I, being else by faith enforst
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,
And when I send for you come hither masked:
The Prince and Claudio promisde by this howre
To visite me, you know your office brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young Claudio. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old Which I will doe with confirmd countenance.

Bened. Frier, I must intreate your paines, I thinke.

Frier To doe what Signior?

Bened. To bind me, or vndo me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, tis most true.

Bened. And I do with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From Claudio and the Prince, but whats your will?

Bened. Your answere sir is enigmaticall,
But for my wil, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioynd,
In the state of honorable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shal desire your help.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier And my helpe.
Heere comes the Prince and Claudio.

Enter Prince, and Claudio, and two or three other.

Prince Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:
We heere attend you, are you yet determined,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my mind were she an Ethiope.

Leo Call her foorth brother, heres the Frier ready.

P. Good morrow Bened, why whats the matter?